HER FAVORITE ROLE

Coming Movements of the First Lady of the Land.

Stevenson's Quiet Boom—Flower Versus Hill—A Gould Library for New York City—The Non-Existence of Croker's Wealth.

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The statement that Mrs. Cleveland would spend a week in New York preparatory to making a trip to Europe, with a view of improving her own health by the ocean voyage, is the result, apparently, of the repeated invitations she has received to that effect, but which it has been finally decided she shall decline. It is hardly likely that the wife of the chief magistrate will journey across the water during this administration.

MRS. CLEVELAND'S ONLY ROLE.

Instead of a foreign tour Mrs. Cleveland proposes to spend all the warm days before us in caring for her children. The lady's devotion in this respect is more marked just now than it has ever been. She does not seem willing to allow the humblest offices for her little ones to be performed by the nurses. Nor is she as timorous as one might expect to find a lady of such exalted station, for she ventures out with the babies in their little carriage on the cooler days without any escort to speak of. She has become such a familiar figure in her familiar haunts that no one pays particular attention to her. Mrs. Cleveland comes to New York very seldom now, although, unlike her husband, she is fond of the metropolis to a degree, and it will be the home of the Clevelands when the present term of the president is over. It is an open secret among the members of the president's official family that Mr. Cleveland will not become a candidate again.

This is thought to be partly due to the painfully evident fact at times that Mrs. Cleveland finds her life as first lady of the land anything but congenial. Indeed the evidences of this state of affairs have been unusually direct of late. Her New York friends report that she is not always in as cheerful a mood as characterized her in the old New York days.

Stevenson's Summer.

The vice president of the United States is at present the only politician holding an exalted office who deserves the title of philosopher. The New Yorkers who have official influence are coming to admire him more, not only on account of his tact and unfailing courtesy, but because he has succeeded in building up a personal following of the very existence of which few persons are aware, and which has been won so quietly that no enemies have been made at the same time. Mr. Stevenson is truly a phenomenon to New Yorkers. Those who follow the trend of political development are really amazed at the ability of the man as a political tactician. He has succeeded in withdrawing himself almost entirely from the public gaze. He never says a word on public affairs, except in the most general way. As an example of the quiet way in which he plays the game of politics may be mentioned that, in spite of the fact that the leading democratic politicians are in a movement to make him a presidential candidate in time, the first authorized imitation of the fact has yet to be made.

ADLAI ON HIS FARM.

In Tammany circles an interesting story is being retailed of the way in which this matter is being regarded by Mr. Cleveland. The latter has had some slight differences with the vice president on the money question, and the relations between them have never been cordial. The Tammany men, having made Mr. Stevenson vice president, are naturally disposed to look upon him as a bright specimen. In Mr. Croker's interview with the president he mentioned that Mr. Stevenson thought it best to treat the silver question from a liberal point of view. Mr. Cleveland answered that the vice president was not the administration. Mr. Croker then said, with a smile, that Stevenson was the next thing to it. The mention of the possibility thus involved seemed very annoying to Mr. Cleveland, and, on the whole, was a faux pas on Croker's part.

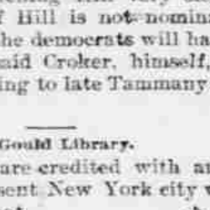
Flower's Chances.

There have been some really startling rumors in connection with the governorship of the state of New York recently. It is said that David B. Hill has actually formed an intention of running for governor himself. This assurance was given out at a recent conference in Tammany hall, and improbable as it was at first deemed, recent events appear to have imparted some show of plausibility to it. It would seem that reflection has convinced the Tammany men that Flower is not so promising a candidate as he was thought to be. It is likely that the governor will not be renominated unless it is absolutely necessary to do so. Hill, however, has been brought to see that membership in the senate is not advancing his presidential chances as much as it might. Indeed, he recently repeated a well-worn assertion that membership in the senate of the United States is always fatal to presidential aspirations. But were he elected governor of New York state this fall, his availability in 1896 would be immensely increased, for the governor of New York state at the time the national convention meets is always a possibility at the very least. But were Hill to allow some other democrat to get the nomination for governor, and were that nominee to be elected, such a condition of things might prove very embarrassing to himself. The Tammany men have even gone so far as to say that Hill, unless himself nominated, will be very lukewarm in the state campaign, and would like the republican candidate to win, so as to have no rival next leap year. His prophecies of democratic defeat as a result of the income tax are declared to be in line with the subtle design he has thus formed. No wonder the democrats are watching Hill very closely just now. "If Hill is not nominated for governor the democrats will have a hard fight," said Croker, himself, recently, according to late Tammany gossip.

THE FLOWER OF SUMMER.

A Gould Library.

The Goulds are credited with an intention to present New York city with a library that will rival the Astor affair in magnificence and splendor. When the gift will be made no one seems to know, but the design of making the municipality the gift is part of the new social and metropolitan distinction now being striven for by the Goulds. They wish to rank with the powers that be in the city precisely as the Astors and the Vanderbilts have succeeded in doing. The social campaign in Europe now being prosecuted so vigorously is part of the plan of action determined upon as long ago as last winter.



ASTOR LIBRARY.

The Goulds are certainly spending their money with unexampled liberality at the present time. They are living up to every cent of their fabulous income, but, of course, are careful enough not to go beyond it. When the season opens in the autumn they will have as guests in New York some of the best-known people in the aristocracy of Great Britain. The intention of abandoning New York as a place of residence has about been given up, or rather it will not be adhered to longer than the present heated term's continuance. Precisely what has inspired the sudden eagerness of the Goulds to become nabobs in fact as well as in wealth no one appears to know, but that they are beginning to make a breach in the Vanderbilt and Astor citadels abroad there can be no manner of doubt.

The Vanderbilts are declared to be particularly displeased with this rivalry on the part of the Goulds, and England has been witnessing something in the way of expenditure this season in view of the social competition of these American millionaires that is proving a positive source of wonder.

Those interested in such things are speculating as to whether the Goulds or the Vanderbilts will capture the most aristocrats for the coming social season in New York.

Croker's Inevitable Money.

Probably no fortune in America has been more talked about than the one popularly supposed to be in the possession of Richard Croker. But its history will be given an entirely new course by the preparations which its owner is now making to show that it does not exist. The ex-boss of Tammany is getting ready to go before any investigating committee that comes along and show that he is worth, at the utmost, about one hundred thousand dollars. That he is worth one million dollars is a thing he expects to disprove in a most convincing manner. It is asserted in his behalf that he can make a full statement of his assets and liabilities, showing that his net worth is a ridiculously small sum in comparison with the riches he has been alleged to have amassed.

THE CROKER RICHES.

This is highly important news to the men in Tammany, and, from all accounts, Mr. Croker will have no difficulty in establishing all that he sets out to establish. He will go before the Lexow committee in the autumn, or whenever it reconvenes, it is asserted, and there deny that he is a rich man, and defy anyone living to prove the contrary. This is certainly a bold step for the man who has ruled the city so long to take. He will show that his means consist of real estate which is encumbered for more than half its value, and that he has no investments in stocks or bonds whatever. As for the horses he has been alleged to own and to reap a considerable profit from, they do not belong to him at all, with two exceptions. Even the assertion that he closed the New York poolrooms he means to try to refute.

Of course, the antagonists of Croker will not let him do all this if they can prevent it, and the coming cool season will show the most interesting investigations into a New Yorker's wealth the city has ever had the opportunity of enjoying.

DAVID WECHSLER.

Justice O'Halloran—Have you any children, Mrs. Kelly?

Mrs. Kelly—I hov two livin' an' wan married.—Boston Home Journal.

He—"Well, for my part, I like a picture that tells a story." She—"Mrs. Witherby's portrait ought to suit you then. It makes her positively handsome."—Brooklyn Life.

LIGHT WILL FLOAT

Tesla Speaks of a Great Discovery in Electricity.

We Will Have Light, Not Lights—The Luminant Will Stream in Floods from Walls and Doors and Ceilings, with Chandeliers Discarded.

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HAIL, HOLY light," are the words with which Milton begins his invocation to the "offspring of heaven first born," and, perhaps because he was blind, the theme always possessed an awesome fascination for the patriot poet. That was a wonderful piece of prophecy on his part when he declared that light would yet prove "an undiscovered country wherein beauty's citadel rears high embattlements," but not until these century-end days of marvels has even the dream of its fulfillment come. For at this very moment we are on the eve of a revolution in electrical science that seems destined to make of light not beauty's citadel merely, but the bestower of beauty itself. Without light, beauty would cease to be evident. No wonder, then, that light has become the Nile of physics, with scientists seeking night and day for its ultimate source. The secret seems to have been learned at last, and science is now the land of the unsetting sun.

Imagine an ever-playing fountain of light, or a century plant in unending bloom, of which the petals are sheafs of light. There is no graceful dream too extravagant in this respect for realization now. The chandlier, the globe, the bulb, the painful mechanism which has made the connection of light and machinery so unaesthetically obvious heretofore—all are destined to be swept away. Light in the next century will well impalpably out of walls. It will stream from brackets or from picture frames, none divining whence it comes, like the perfumes of Lucullan banquets.

Nicola Tesla's eyes glowed as he predicted the results of the discovery that has been made. Then they were dimmed by a passing regret as a new thought came.

"The one impediment," he said, "is cost. That problem will be solved yet—perhaps in three months, perhaps not in as many years. The existing waste in electric light is barberous—barbarous. Ninety per cent. of the material employed goes for nothing. But when we have settled the question of cost, the new era will dawn. Light will become really a great transforming factor in civilization. It will then be not only day, but a glorious, beautiful day."

A BALL-ROOM WITH THE NEW LIGHT.

It may be mentioned at this point that to D. McFarlan Moore, the American electrician, who has done as much to popularize the use of electric light as any living man probably, belongs the credit of having first called the attention of scientists to the impending change. Tesla has indeed been experimenting for years, and long ago indicated the lines along which the transformation would be wrought. Mr. Moore, however, demonstrated why the near future will witness the commercial adoption of the transmission of light through tubes, and that electricity is to be the agent of this consummation. It is declared by scientists that while the conversion of heat into power and power again into the current known as electricity, seems to have reached a limit for the present at least, the matter of producing light from electricity has hardly begun to be studied.

The incandescent lamp is admittedly the illuminant of to-day. In spite of its conceded advantages, however, the scientific world has come to look upon it as a crude contrivance for reasons apart from the humiliating circumstance that to extract five per cent. of light, ninety-five per cent. of the constituent elements goes to utter waste. Therefore, in spite of the practical elimination of the factors of heat and odor from the problem of dispelling darkness, scientists have for years been at work in an endeavor not so much to make new discoveries as to utilize discoveries already made.

Now, what is known as phosphorescent, or glow lighting, has come to be recognized as the source of untold millions to the capitalist who can first reduce it to a marketable commodity in the cities of the world. So far the great cost attending its utilization has stood in the way of any such enterprise. Now comes Mr. Moore who makes the assertion in Cassier's Magazine that electric sparks rapidly succeeding one another in a vacuum are the key to the whole treasure house. This fact is shown by means of an ingenious contrivance now familiar to most electricians, in which the current of electricity is repeatedly broken by rapid vibrations. The vibrations produce a corresponding number of sparks which act upon the ether in a bulb duly placed to be affected in precisely this manner, with the result that the whole bulb gives forth light. Such electricians as Nicola Tesla and McFarlan Moore would not put the condition of things into such simple words, Mr. Moore, indeed, saying, and very scientifically, no doubt, that the whole thing is the result of the current being rapidly disrupted by a magnetic field exterior to the evacuated space.

In fact, the whole problem of light may be said to have become one of vibrations. Its solution, as stated, has been arrived at by means of electric sparks thus made to succeed one another rapidly in a vacuum. And along these lines has it become a possibility to conduct light through tubes, with results destined to effect the revolution now on the eve of accomplishment.

"Then we will, indeed, have beautiful light!" exclaimed Nicola Tesla. "How few of us realize the importance of the cost of light on the lives of people to-day. It is not too much to say that when the coming changes are inaugurated our whole municipal life will be transformed. Light will be not merely a means of seeing at night. It will become the great source of beauty in streets and homes. Heretofore the difficulty of getting both light and beauty has seemed insuperable. We now have the means of producing light that will not merely be beautiful itself, but that will make all things beautiful."

A FUTURE STAIRCASE EFFECT.

"And how soon may we look for all this?"

Mr. Tesla conceded that existing electric light features are too unpleasantly evident. In the coming condition of things they will be eliminated so far as being visible is concerned, unless some special effect were sought. In a great hall, for instance, the light would stream from the capitals of its pillars. Or it could as easily be arranged to shed itself from the ceiling or the dome cornices. The illustrations herewith will give an idea of the effects Mr. Tesla had in mind. Separate lights, such as we have now, will become largely things of the past.

"The transformation in street illumination will be very marked," he declared. "The unsightly pole will no longer be seen. Light may stream from a statue or from a fountain in great waves. Its source will be hidden. Its very quality will be changed. The glare now so ungrateful to many eyes will give way to a smypathetic glow."

The young electrician was of opinion that the popular mind and taste were not sufficiently educated on the subject of electric lighting.

"The most wretched make-shifts are tolerated," he said, "because the public have not as yet been accustomed to the best results. There was at one time, indeed, a prejudice against electricity itself as a means of lighting, owing to its depressing effect on some people. To-day the improvements are so marked that the light is preferred to gas. In the same way the improvements to come will be so great that the unsightliness of present methods will be deemed unendurable. It is hardly too much to say that the beautifying of cities will never be adequately undertaken until the electric light has been improved, or rather, rendered generally available in its new form. Then we may look for decided alterations in the appearance of the streets of our great cities."

A striking improvement, moreover, will be the absence of sharply defined shadows that detract so much from the advantages of the present lights. We will have not lights, but light, as Mr. Moore so graphically puts it. Phosphorescent electric light so closely resembles the light of day that the coming era will practically be one of unbroken day.

The elimination of elaborate fixtures in great edifices will be a very conspicuous consequence of the reform. In spite of the artistic nature of the candelabra which have been introduced into the more pretentious structures, they are a serious drawback to the stateliness of some forms of Gothic and Greek architecture, and as architects well know, it is frequently necessary to modify an interior on this account. But nothing can be conceived more majestic than the interior effects which will become possible by the introduction of the new method. No globes, no brackets, no candelabra, can break the sweep of pillar or nave. There will be greater cleanliness as well as beauty, and an immense saving of time and trouble, not to speak of expense.

In the matter of cost, the reform will effect a saving as well. Many electricians feel convinced that the commercial adoption of the innovation cannot longer be postponed. The men at work in improving the method, as far as this is concerned, are expected to demonstrate the validity of their theories much sooner than they care to acknowledge from modest deprecation of their own acuteness. And when the change does come there will be a great fortune for somebody to enjoy.

Internal Temperature of Trees.

The internal temperature of trees has been observed for some time past by M. Prinz, of Uccle, in Belgium, who finds their mean annual temperature at the heart of the trunk the same as that of air, but the mean monthly temperature of the trees sometimes differs from the latter by two or three degrees centigrade. On certain days the difference in question may be as much as ten degrees centigrade. In very cold weather the internal temperature falls to a few tenths of a degree below the freezing point and then remains stationary. In very hot weather the temperature of the tree stays at fifteen degrees centigrade or thereabouts. A large tree is therefore colder in hot weather and warmer in cold weather than air.—London Globe.

The total income of the Church of England is about one million dollars a week.

"End of the century" years are not leap years unless divisible by four hun-

CAMP SQUAW POINT

Ladies' Camp at Croton-on-the-Hudson in Full Swing.

How They Decorate Their Tents—High Jinks in the Evening—Camp Fires and Gay Dances—Ladies Make Excellent Canoeists.

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"Squaw Point" is the dignified and high-sounding appellation given to ladies' quarters at the canoe camp. No matter whether the land slope to a point or not; every year the quarters assigned to them are so designated. This summer the title is not a misnomer. The camp of the American Canoe association has comfortably settled itself at Croton point, on the Hudson, just above that historic spot, the Tappan Zee, and will hold its sessions for two weeks, breaking up on the 28th of this month. The main camp lies right in the center of the west coast of the "Point," and Squaw point is situated immediately south, so close, indeed, that one looks for the dividing line between the quarters for each sex.

It must be that the ladies find it difficult to keep house, without the assistance of the sturdy males, and so have crept up to them as close as they dared. And yet a little observation of them doesn't seem to prove the fact. Each girl runs her little household quite independently. Almost each one brings her own tent and starts in for herself. Occasionally two girls will tent together, but this is rare. Her housekeeping arrangements are not very elaborate; as there is but little cooking done by the individual. Almost everyone partakes of the general mess, supplied to each for so much a day. Sometimes a girl will get up a little afternoon tea and invite a few of her dearest friends to her tent.

The tents of the ladies look very pretty. Each one has managed to bring with her a few pictures, scarfs and lanterns, and the ladies' quarters are the brightest spot in the camp. American flags, as well as the flags of the association, play a prominent part in the decoration.

One wonders at first why the girls go to the meet at all, since their names do not appear on the official programme, and since they take no part in any of the races. There is, however, one race gotten up for their benefit after camp has organized and for this they train as conscientiously as do any of the men. But though they are thus set apart, to their credit be it said that they are just as enthusiastic over the sport, and can talk to you intelligently about the relative merits of all of the men and their craft. They understand all the tecnicalities in connection with the canoe and its sailing although their sport is confined altogether to paddling.

ON TAPPAN ZEE.

Each girl owns her own canoe, which is always of the open, paddling variety, light and graceful; and though she obligingly allows her male friend to launch it for her, you will often see her skillfully getting it out in the water herself, when he is not near. The girls make just as good canoeists as men, as the secretary of the association, Mr. George P. Douglass, assured me. "Why," said he: "I had been giving one girl a little assistance, as they were preparing to start in their race. And I determined to keep along with them, in my own canoe, to see the finish. I began to paddle rather leisurely, but pretty soon found that I was losing ground; then I began to work a little harder, and soon found it required all my skill to keep up with them. It was easier toward the end; for they began to weaken. Of course the heavy canoe I was in, and the short paddle I used, put me back considerable: but under any circumstances I should have had to work hard."

In the day time, when the races are on and there is plenty of hard work, the men look over toward Squaw point with something of condescension and a little compassion for the poor girls that are out of it. But after the third mess of the day—and the jolliest one—they are glad enough to creep over toward those attractive tents, and stretch themselves comfortably before the hospitable open doors. But that isn't the only thing the camp does in the evening. The first or second day, the musical spirits, male and female, get together and the chorus is immediately made up. Two or three days are industriously spent in training; and delightful music for the next two weeks is the result. Besides the tents, there are two other buildings—that for the mess, small, and used for no other purpose except on rainy days, when they will gather in it, and a large, open, dancing platform, were you will see at least four nights out of the fourteen or fifteen spent there, a gay, impromptu dance, with gay music furnished by the camp orchestra. It is all the prettier, because the stars look right down on it—there is no roof—and because costumes are so simple and comfortable. A number of the girls do not bother with dress, wearing a white or blue canoeing dress, and bringing, perhaps, one or two others for evenings and swell afternoon calls upon each other.

Then there are the famous camp fires, unanimously proclaimed the best fun of all, when they gather around the great cheerful blaze, and a story is started at the head and carried around the group; or each man tells his funniest story; or they take up the favorite camp songs, and let the music blend it with the crackling of the branches.

It is a free, easy, independent life; and they all enjoy getting away from the decorum and restraint of city life. Each girl is serenely conscious of the fact that she may have four admirers continually at her side, and still be taking no more than her right; for the proportion of male to female at that camp is no less than four to one.

All ladies, of course, are only associate members of the association. They are entitled to membership after they have attended two meets. The only other requisite is that they be active canoeists. Any lady canoeist is at liberty to attend the meet, and join after two consecutive attendances. The open canoe used by them, as well as by a large number of the men, is light and very easily managed, and costs from forty to fifty dollars. The sailing canoes are more expensive, costing from one hundred and fifty to two hundred dollars. The boat which they handle now is not the one used only a few years ago. Wonderful improvements have been effected since the days when "paddle your own canoe" was a necessity, because the boat was constructed for only one person. Now you will see as many as four in one of the boats, with a paddler at each end.

Everything at the camp has been arranged with a view to the greatest comfort for all concerned.

Had the Broken Fingers.

Until a few days ago John Glennon, of Geneva, N. Y., was a day laborer with a big family on his hands. Now he is about to come into possession of $20,000. Some months ago Lawrence Glennon died suddenly in Wilkesbarre, Pa., leaving an estate valued at the above named sum. There was no will and Glennon had said that he had no living relatives. His only brother he thought had been killed on the railroad twenty years ago. If, however, he should be still alive he could be identified by two broken fingers. The administrator of the estate used the advertising columns of the newspapers freely, and John Glennon, with two fingers broken, was requested to come to Wilkesbarre at once. The little daughter of John Glennon read the notice in an Elmira paper, and the father at once left for Wilkesbarre, where he fully established his claim. He said he always understood his brother lived in Australia.

Dog Farm Near New York.

A queer enough place is the dog farm hidden in a hollow of Crow Hill, between Brooklyn and Flatbush. It is perhaps half an acre in extent, and is owned and managed by an elderly Englishman and his wife. This couple occupy the smallest and stuffiest of board shanties and they live surrounded by a mass of dogs—big dogs, little dogs, good dogs, bad dogs, one-eyed and two-eyed dogs, Newfoundlands, St. Bernards, collies, terriers, spaniels and plain dogs. The surrounding region is of bare hill, with slimy pools in the pouches of land. There are snakes, catbriars and smells; but the dogs seem to enjoy it, and their loud chorus can be heard afar when an infrequent stranger stumbles into the neighborhood.

Useful Hints for Tenants.

Additions to rented premises, when made by the tenant, should never be fastened with nails, but with screws. Should he wish to move away and take with him the lumber composing the improvements he has made, he can simply draw out the screws and take the planks. If he fastens them with nails the improvements become the landlord's property.

Will Try It Again.

A Georgia couple have been remarried after being divorced twenty-eight years at the home of a daughter who never saw her father till the day of the ceremony.

ORIGIN OF THE DIAMOND.

Scientific Theories Accounting for the Formation of the Precious Stone.

As usual upon disputed points, speculation has been busy about the origin of the diamond, and a large number of theories, all more or less probable, have been propounded to set the matter at rest. The two most reasonable expositions are, perhaps, the explanations put forward by M. Parrot and Baron Liebig. The former scientist, who has laboriously investigated the perplexing subject, is of the opinion that the diamond arises from the operation of violent volcanic heat on small particles of carbon contained in the rock, or on a substance composed of a large proportion of carbon and a smaller quantity of hodrogen. By this theory, as he conceives, we are best able to account for the cracks and flaws so often noticed in the gem, and the frequent occurrence of included particles of black carbonaceous matter.

Baron Liebig, on the other hand, claims the credit of offering a simple explanation of the probable process which actually takes place in the formation of the diamond. His contention is that science can point to no process capable of accounting for the origin and production of diamonds, except the powers of decay. If we suppose decay to proceed in a liquid containing carbon and hydrogen, then a compound with still more carbon must be formed; and if the compound thus formed were itself to undergo further decay, the final result, says this eminent authority, must be the separation of carbon in a crystalline form.—Gentleman's Magazine.

A Valuable Manuscript.

The pope lately presented to the vatican library what may be regarded as a rare treasure. It consists of a manuscript given by the celebrated Fra Giocondo, of Verona, to Lorenzo de Medici, known in history as the "Magnificent." Vasari, in his life of Fra Giocondo, writes of this work, and notes that Politian makes mention of this book in his "Muggellane," and describes the author as "the most learned man of the old days." This work had been lost for a long time, and its recovery now is looked upon as fortunate. The name of Fra Giocondo crops up from time to time in the more recondite studies of the Italian Renaissance—that period when learning, science and art made such immense strides in the highest degree of excellence. He was known as a man of great learning, and is sometimes compared with that most remarkable scholar and marvelous artist Leo Battista Alberti.

Queer Plants in America.

There are odd finds in the plant and flower line for people who look for oddities. On the top of Garret rock, in Paterson, N. J., the prickly pear grows in abundance—probably the only instance of its extensive appearance as a wild plant in this part of the country, although small and scattered plants are found in Bronx Park, belying all the traditions of cactus growth by rooting among the rich grass of the meadows. In Bay ridge and on the rim of Prospect park reservoir, Brooklyn, the shamrock grows wild. The true shamrock, by the bye, is held to be the hop clover or yellow clover, trifolium agrarium, that is in blossom everywhere about just now.

Going Backward.

It is said that so much farm land in England has lately been allowed to lapse from cultivation that wild animals which ten years ago were in danger of extinction are now flourishing and increasing. The badger and the otter, for instance, are reported to be thriving greatly on agricultural depression.

—Of the whole number of families in this country, 3.63 per cent. comprise only one person; [illegible] per cent. from two to six; [illegible] per cent. from seven to ten, and [illegible] per cent. eleven or more.